

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS:

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. She is annoyed, but he remains. Leaving the car she goes into the park to read the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. This she is accused by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her. James Hamilton of Lynn, Mass., member of an old New England family, decides he needs a holiday. He goes to New York and there witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call on friends, Madame and Miss Melodie Reynier. With the latter, Van Camp is very much in love.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I think my proposition a prior one," she remarked with dogged precision; "but, of course, Miss Reynier must decide." He recovered his temper enough to add, quite pleasantly, considering the circumstances, "Unless Madame Reynier will take my part?" turning to the older woman.

"Oh, no, not fair," shouted Jones. "Madame Reynier's always on my side. Aren't you, Madame?" Madame Reynier smiled inscrutably. "I'm always on the side of virtue in distress," she said.

"That's me, then, isn't it? The way you're abusing me, Madam, I'm listening here to Van Camp all the evening!" But, Melanie, tired, perhaps, of being patiently tactful, settled the matter. "I can't go to luncheon with anybody, tomorrow," she protested. "I've had a touch of that arch-enemy, indigestion, you see; and I can't do anything but my prescribed exercises, no drink anything but distilled water."

"Nor eat anything but food? We know," cried the irrepressible Jones. "But the Little Gray Fox has a special diet for just such cases as yours. Do come!" "Heavens! Then I don't want to go there!" groaned Aleck.

Melanie gave Jones her hand, half in thanks and half in farewell. "No, thank you, not tomorrow, but sometime soon; perhaps Thursday. Will that do?" she smiled. Then, as Jones was discontentedly lounging about the door, she did a pretty thing. Turning from the door, she stood with face averted from everybody except Van Camp, and for an instant her eyes met his in a friendly, half-humorous but wholly non-committal glance. His eyes held hers in a look that was like an embrace.

"I will see you soon," she said quietly.

Van Camp said good-night to Jones at the corner, after they had walked together in silence for half a block.

"Good-night, Van Camp," said Jones; then he added cordially: "By the way, I'm going back next week in my private car to watch the opening of the Liza Lai, and I'd be mighty glad if you'd go along. Anything else to do?" "Thanks—extremely; but I'm going on a cruise."

As Aleck entered the piously exclusive hall of the club his good nature came to his aid. He wondered whether he hadn't scored something, after all.

CHAPTER V.

Melanie's Dreams.

Midnight and the relaxation of slumber could subtract nothing from the high-browed dignity of the club officials, and the message that was waiting for Mr. Van Camp was delivered in the most correct manner. "Mr. Hamilton sends word to Mr. Van Camp that he has gone away on the Jeanne D'Arc," said the official. "Mr. Hamilton is not back for some time, and requests Mr. Van Camp to look after the Sea Gull."

"Very well, thank you," replied Aleck, rather absent-mindedly. He was unable to see, immediately, just what change in his own plans this sudden turn of Jim's would cause; and he was for the moment too deeply preoccupied with his own personal affairs to speculate much about it. His thoughts went back to the events of the evening, recalled the picture of his Diana and her teasing ways, and dwelt especially upon the honest, friendly, wholly bewitching look that had dawned upon him at the end of the evening. Absurd as his own attempt at a declaration had been, he somehow felt that he himself was not absurd in Melanie's eyes, though he was far from certain whether she was inclined to marry him.

All Courteous and Honest

'High Praise of the Character of Eskimos and Icelanders Given By Explorers.'

If we should ever learn to appreciate the finer values of human nature the results would certainly be damaging to our self esteem. Mr. Steadman, whose reports of Eskimo life have received so much attention, tells as much of the extraordinary courtesy and virtue of these people, and so confirms the testimony to the same effect by Captain Amundsen. Steadman not only received the finest hospitality, but he tells us that his hosts suppressed every sign of curiosity as to his instruments and memoranda. They explained to him that these things were none of their business. They always sang when they approached him but in the morning, so that he might not be taken unawares, and they politely waited outside until invited to enter. Continue further south we read that lo-

Aleck, on his part, had not come to his decision suddenly or impulsively; nor, having arrived there, was he to be turned from it easily. True as it was that he sincerely and affectionately desired Melanie Reynier for a wife, yet on the whole he was a very cool Romeo. He was manly, but he was calculating; he was honorably disposed toward matrimony, but he was not reborn with love. And so, in the sober bedroom of the club, he quickly fell into the good sleep induced by fatigue and healthy nerves.

Morning brought counsel and a disposition to renew operations. A note was dispatched to his Diana by a private messenger, and the boy was bidden to wait for an answer. It came presently:

"Come at twelve, if you wish."

"MELANIE REYNIER."

Aleck smiled with satisfaction. Here was a wise venture going through happily, he hoped. He was pleased that she had named the very hour he had asked for the night before. That was like her good, frank way of meeting a situation, and it augured well for the unknown emergencies of their future life. He had little patience with timidity and traditional coyness in women, and great admiration for an open and fearless spirit. Melanie's note almost set his heart thumping.

But not quite; and he no one understood the cool nature of that organ better than Melanie herself. The ladies in the apartment at the Archangel had lingered at their breakfast, the austerity of which had been mitigated by a center decoration of orchids and fern, fresh-touched with dew, or so Madame Reynier had described them to Melanie, as she brought them to her with the card of Mr. Lloyd-Jones. Miss Reynier smiled faintly, admired the blossoms and turned away.

The ladies usually spoke French with each other, though occasionally Madame Reynier dropped into the harsher speech of her native country. On this morning she did this, telling Melanie, for the tenth time in as many days, that in her opinion they ought to be going home. Madame considered this her duty, and felt no real responsibility after the statement was made. Nevertheless, she was glad to find Melanie disposed to discuss the matter a little further.

"Do you wish to go home, Auntie, or is it that you think I ought to go?" "I don't wish to go without you, child, you know that; and I am very comfortable here. But his Highness, your cousin, is very impatient; I see that in every letter from Krolvitz. You offended him deeply by putting off your marriage to Count Lorenzo, and every day now deepens his indignation against you. I don't like to discuss these things, Melanie, but I suspect that your action deprives him of a very necessary revenue; and I understand, better than you do, to what lengths your cousin is capable of going when he is displeased. You are, by the law of your country, his ward until you marry. Would it not be better to submit to him in friendship, rather than to incur his enmity? After all, he is your next of kin, the head of your family, and a very powerful man. If we are going home at all, we ought to go now."

"But suppose we should decide not to go home at all?" "You will have to go some time, dear child. You are all alone, except for me, and in the nature of things you can't have me always. Now that you are young, you think it an easy thing to break away from the ties of blood and birth; but believe me, it isn't easy. You, with your nature, could never do it. The call of the land is strong, and the time will come when you will long to go home, long to go back to the land where your father led his soldiers, and where your mother was admired and loved."

Madame Reynier paused and watched her niece, who, with eyes cast down, was toying with her spoon. Suddenly a crimson flush rose and spread over Melanie's cheeks and forehead and neck, and when she looked up into Madame Reynier's face, she was gazing through unshed tears. She rose quickly, came round to the older woman's chair and kissed her cheek affectionately.

"Dear Auntie, you are very good to me, and patient, too. It's all true, I suppose; but the prospect of home and Count Lorenzo together—ah, well!" she smiled reassuringly and again caressed Madame Reynier's

land, with a population of 78,000, has only one policeman and that the taste for alcoholic liquors is practically unknown among the people. A recent work on Finland tells us of a curious custom among the country people. Those who have money to deposit in the bank are in the habit of placing it on a stone in the public road and it is collected by the banker from the nearest town as he makes his periodical trips for that purpose. It may be that discourtesy and dishonesty are now inseparable from civilization, but a separation will have to be effected if the civilization is to endure.

Gowns That Cling.

Mrs. Shortley was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller.

"Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns, Mae?" "Yes; he likes one to cling to me about three years."—Lippincott's

gaunt old face. "I'll think it all over, Auntie dear."

Madame Reynier followed Melanie into her sitting-room, bringing the precious orchids in her two hands, fearful lest the fragile vase should fall. Melanie regarded them a moment, and then said she thought they would do better in the drawing-room.

"I sometimes think the little garden pink quite as pretty as an orchid."

"They aren't so much in Mr. Lloyd-Jones' style as these," replied Madame Reynier. She had a faculty of commenting pleasantly without the least hint of criticism. This remark delighted Melanie.

"No; I should never picture Mr. Lloyd-Jones as a garden pink. But then, Auntie, you remember how eloquent he was about the hills and the stars. That speech did not at all indicate a hotheads nature."

"Nevertheless, I think his sentiments have been cultivated, like his orchids."

"Not a bad achievement," said Melanie.

There was an interval of silence, while the younger woman stood looking out of the window and Madame Reynier cut the leaves of a French journal. She did not read, however, and presently she broke the silence.

"I don't remember that Mr. Van Camp ever sent orchids to you."

"Mr. Van Camp never gave me any kind of flower. He thinks flowers are the most intimate of all gifts, and should only be exchanged between sweethearts. At least, I heard him expound some such theory years ago, when we first knew him."

Madame smiled—a significant smile, if any one had been looking. Nothing further was said until Melanie unexpectedly shot straight to the mark with:

"How do you think he would do, Auntie, in place of Count Lorenzo?"

Madame Reynier showed no surprise. "He is a sterling man; but your cousin would never consent to it."

"And if I should not consult my cousin?"

"My dear Melanie, that would entail many embarrassing consequences; and embarrassments are worse than crimes."

Melanie could laugh at that, and did. "I've already answered a note from Mr. Van Camp this morning, Auntie. No, don't worry," she playfully answered a sudden anxious look that came upon her aunt's countenance. "I've not said 'yes' to him. But he's coming to see me at twelve. If I don't give him a chance to say what he has to say, he'll take one anywhere. He's capable of proposing on the street-cars. Besides, I have something else to say to him."

"Well, my dear, you know best; certainly I think you know best," was Madame Reynier's last word.

Mr. Van Camp arrived on the stroke of twelve, an expression of happiness on his lean, quizzical face.

"I'm supposed to be starting on a cruise," he told Melanie. "My luck is with me. My cousin hasn't turned up—or rather he turned up only to disappear instantly. Otherwise he would have dragged me off to catch the first ebbside, with me hanging back like an anchor-chain."

"Is your cousin, then, such a tyrant?"

"Oh, yes; he's a masterful man, is Jimmy."

"And how did he 'disappear' instantly?" It sounds mysterious.

"It is mysterious, but Jim can take care of himself; at least, I hope he can. The message said he had sailed on the Jeanne D'Arc, whatever that is, and that I was to look after our hired yacht, the Sea Gull."

Melanie looked up, startled. "The Jeanne D'Arc, was it?" she cried.

"Are you sure? But, of course—there must be many boats by that name, are there not? But did he say nothing more—where he was going, and why he changed his plans?"

"No, not a word more than that. Why? Do you know of a boat named the Jeanne D'Arc?"

"Yes, very well; but it can't matter. It must be another vessel, surely. Meanwhile, what are you going to do without your companion?"

Aleck rose from the slender gilt chair where, as usual, he had perched himself, walked to the window and thrust his hands into his pockets for a contemplative moment, then he turned and came to a stand squarely before Melanie, looking down on her with his quizzical, honest eyes.

"That depends, Melanie," he said slowly, "upon whether you are going to marry me or not."

For a second or two Melanie's eyes refused to lift; but Aleck's firm-planted figure, his steady gaze, above all, his dominating will, forced her to look up. There he was, smiling, strong, big, kindly. Melanie started to smile, but for the second time that morning her eyes unexpectedly filled with tears.

"I can't talk to you towering over me like that," she said at last softly, her smile winning against the tears.

Aleck did not move. "I don't want you to 'talk' to me about it; all I want is for you to say 'yes.'"

"But I'm not going to say 'yes,' at least, I don't think I am. Do sit down."

Aleck started straight for the gilt chair.

"Oh, no; not that! You are four times too big for that chair. Besides, it's quite valuable; it's a Louis Quinze."

Aleck indulged in a vicious kick at the ridiculous thing, picked up an enormous leather-bottomed chair made apparently of lead, and placed it jauntily almost beside Miss Reynier's chair, but facing the other way.

"This is much better, thank you," he said. "Now tell me why you think you are not going to say 'yes' to me."

Melanie's mood of softness had not left her; but sitting there, face to face with this man, face to face with his seriousness, his masculine will and strength, she felt that she had something yet to struggle for, some deep personal right to be acknowledged, that was quite real, yet very awfully, that she met this American lover. He had her hand in his firm grasp, but he was waiting for her to speak. He was giving her the hearing that was, in his opinion, her right.

"In the first place," Melanie began, "you ought to know more about me—who I am, and all that sort of thing. I am, in one sense, not at all what I seem to be; and that, in the case of marriage, is a dangerous thing."

"It is an important thing, at least. But I do know who you are; I know long ago. Since you never referred to the matter, of course I never did. You are the Princess Auguste Stephanie of Krolvitz, cousin of the present Duke Stephen, called King of Krolvitz. You are even in line for the throne, though there are two or three lives between you. You have incurred the displeasure of Duke Stephen and are practically an exile from your country."

"A voluntary exile," Melanie corrected.

"Voluntary only in the sense that you prefer exile to absolute submission to the duke. There is no alternative, if you refuse."

Melanie was silent. Aleck lifted the hand which he held, touched it gently with his lips and laid it back beside its fellow on Melanie's lap. Then he rose and lifted both hands before her, half in fun and half in earnestness, as if he were a courtier doing reverence to his queen.

"See, your Highness, how ready I am to do you homage! Only smile on the most devoted of your servants."

Melanie could not resist his gentle gaiety. It was as if they were two children playing at a story. Aleck, in such a mood as this, was as much fun as a dancing bear, and in five minutes more he had won peals of laughter from Melanie. It was what he wanted—to brighten her spirits. So presently he came back to the big chair, though he did not again take her hand.

"I knew you were tired and important, Melanie, and at first I thought that sealed my case entirely. But you seemed to forget your state, seemed not to care so very much about it; and perhaps that made me think it was possible for us both to forget it, or at least to ignore it. I haven't a gold throne to give you; but you're the only woman I've ever wanted to marry, and I wasn't going to give up the chance until you said so."

"Do you know also that if I marry out of my rank and without the consent of Duke Stephen, I shall forfeit all my fortune?"

"Cut off without a cent!" Aleck laughed, but presently paused, embarrassed for the first time since he had begun his plea. "I, you know, haven't millions, but there's a decent income, even for two. And then I can always go to work and earn something," he smiled at her, "giving information to a thirty word about the gilt-suit, as you call it. You'd be fun, earning money for you; I'd like to do that."

Melanie smiled back at him, but left her chair and wandered uneasily about the room as if turning a difficult matter over in her mind. Aleck stood by, watching. Presently she returned to her chair, pushed him gently back into his seat and dropped down beside him. Before she spoke, she touched her fingers lightly, almost lovingly, along the blue veins of his big hand lying on the arm of the chair. The hand trembled, like a magnet spring, and imprisoned hers.

"No, dear friend, not yet," said Melanie, drawing away her hand, yet not very quickly, after all. "There's much yet to say to you, and I have been wondering how to say it, but I shall do it now. Like the heroes in the novels," she smiled again. "I am going to tell you the story of my life."

"Good!" said Aleck. "All ready for chapter one. But your maid wants you at the door."

"Go away, Sophie," said Melanie. "Serve luncheon to Madame Reynier alone. I shall wait; and you'll have to wait, too, poor man!" She looked seriously at Aleck. "Or are you perhaps, hungry? I'm not going to talk to a hungry man," she announced.

"Not a bite till I've heard chapter thirty-nine!" said Aleck.

In a moment she became serious again.

"I have lived in England and here in America," she began, "long enough to

understand that the differences between your people and mine are more than the differences of language and climate; they are ingrained in our habits of thought, our education, our judgment of life and of people. My childhood and youth were wholly different from yours, or from what an American girl's could be; and yet I think I understand your American women, though I suppose I am not in the least like them.

"But I, on the other hand, have seen the dark side of life, and particularly of marriage. When I was a child I was more important in my own country than I am now, since it seemed then that my father would succeed to the throne. I was brought up to feel that I was not a woman, but a pawn in the game of politics. When I had been out of the convent for a year or more, I loved a youth, and was loved in return, but our marriage was laughed at, put aside, declared impossible, because he was of a rank inferior to my own. My lover disappeared, I know not where or how. Then affairs changed. My father died, and it transpired that I had been officially betrothed since childhood to Duke Stephen's brother, the Count Lorenzo. The duke was my guardian, and there was no one else to whom I could appeal; but the very week set for the wedding I faced the duke and declared I would never marry the count. His Highness raged and stormed, but I told him a few things I knew about his brother, and I made him see that I was in earnest. The next day I left Krolvitz, and the duke gave out that I was ill and had gone to a health resort; that the wedding was postponed. I went to France and hid myself with my aunt, took one of my own middle names and her surname, and have been known for some time, as you know, as Melanie Reynier."

"I know you wish to tell me all these things, Melanie, but I don't want you to recall painful matters of the past now," said Aleck gently. "You shall tell me of them at another time."

The color brightened in Melanie's face, her eyes glowed.

"No, not another time; you must understand now, especially because all this preface leads me to what I really want to say to you. It is this: I do not now care for the man I loved at nineteen, nor for any of the other men of my country who have been pleased to honor me with their regard. But ever since those early days I have had a dream of a home—a place different from Duke Stephen's home, different from the homes of many people of my rank. My dream has a husband in it who is a companion, a friend, my equal in love, my superior in strength. Melanie's eyes lifted to meet Aleck's, and they were full of almost tragic passion; but it was a passion for comprehension and love, not primarily for the man sitting before her. She added simply: "And for my dream I'd give all the wealth, all the love, I have."

The room was very still. Aleck Van Camp sat quiet and grave, his forehead resting on his hand. He looked up, finally, at Melanie, who was beside him, pale and quite worn.

"Poor child! You needed me more than I thought!" was what he said. But Melanie had not quite finished.

"No, that is not enough, that I should need you. You must also need me, want what I alone can give you, match my love with yours. And this, I think, you do not do. You calculate, you remain cool, you plan your life like a campaign, and I am part of your equipment. You are a thousand times better than Count Lorenzo, but I think your principles of reasoning are the same. You do not love me enough, and that is why I cannot say 'yes.'"

Aleck had taken this last blow standing. He walked slowly around and stood before Melanie, much as he had stood before her when he first asked her to marry him; and this time, as he looked down on her fairness, there was infinite gentleness and patience and love in his eyes. He bent over, lifted Melanie's two hands, and drew her bodily out of her seat. She was impassive. Her quick alertness, her vitality, her passionate seriousness, had slipped away. Aleck put his arms around her very tenderly and kissed her lips; not a lover's kiss exactly, and yet nothing else. Then he looked into her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Force of Habit.

An attaché at the statehouse has a nose which slightly turns to the left, and when asked why, replies: "It turns that way from force of habit."

"Habit!" some one asked one day, "how can a nose have a habit?"

"The nose didn't," was the reply, "but I did. When I was a boy my nose naturally turned to the right. It embarrassed me and I was grieved about it so much that I decided I would pull it straight. So I began to draw my left hand across it in the hope I could straighten it. The motion became a habit. I did it when in school, in church, and my mother said I did it when asleep. Before I could stop the habit I had the end of my nose pulled over to the other side, and I decided to let it stay that way."—Indianapolis News.

HER "BEST FRIEND"

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum.

We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best. Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies, for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the doctor told me the trouble was caused by coffee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum and it so satisfied me I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum.

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 88 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle up stairs without any heart palpitation, and I'm free from nervousness."

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house; now she has Postum at home and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish, as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produces instantly a delicious beverage.

Write for the Little Book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

BALKAN WAR BEGAN IN 1663

Conflict of Races Started Long Ago, Seems Destined Now to Be Fought to a Finish.

An Italian newspaper reminds us usefully that the Balkan war began centuries ago. In the state archives at Vienna is the declaration of war sent by Sultan Mehmet IV. to Emperor Leopold in 1682. "Be it known to you, the heir of the Caesars, to the king of Poland, and to your allies and omnipotent emperor of the east and west, that the empire of the Ottomans, which I have inherited from my father, has been invaded by your army. We shall bring 1,300,000 soldiers, on horse and foot, to crush you utterly and lay waste all your domains. We command you to await our coming in our residence in Vienna, where it is our intention to have you beheaded."

But the war was even then an old story. The delightful writer who contributes "The Office Window" to the London Daily Chronicle tells us that while searching through some of the earliest newspapers printed his eye was continually diverted to news letters from the continent giving accounts of the unholy war which Turkey was waging on Hungary and Austria. Almost at random he copies the following from the News of September 17, 1683, a grim reminder that the Turk has remained unchanged and unchangeable for these 250 years at least:

"Vienna, Sept. 6.—In Austria every Fifth Man is to bear Arms; and they hope to raise 20,000 Men upon that Levy to secure the Frontiers. At this instant comes fresh Intelligence of 10,000 Turks, and as many Tartars, passing the Waegh, and that they carry all before them with Fire and Sword."

And again: "We hear that upon the third instant the Enemy has beaten our Foot by the River Waegh, and Possessed himself of the narrow Passages between the Hills, where he has burnt divers Town and Villages, and Massacred many Thousands of People, striking off the heads of some, putting others in Chains . . . and cutting to pieces Young and Old without Distinction or Mercy."

Commercial Notation.

It gives an impressive idea of the immensity of the international trade carried on in vessels to read that 55,000,000 tons of coal are consumed in a year in the furnaces of ships employed in international commerce. And there are certain modern freighters which transport a ton of cargo a mile by burning half an ounce of fuel, which means moving ten barrels of flour a mile with a piece of coal the size of a hickory nut.

Only Make Believe.

A visitor at the home of a famous author was greeted by a little daughter of the latter. Engaging the little girl in conversation, the visitor observed:

"Aren't you proud to think your papa is famous?"

The little girl nodded.

"He writes stories, doesn't he?"

Lowering her voice, the child replied:

"They're not real stories; he just makes them up himself."

Dictating to Women.

Women, according to an edict in the Chinese government, are to wear European hats, but otherwise retain their customary dress, with certain modifications. It is prophesied that there will be revolt at the edict, because women in China as elsewhere, have grown weary of having men undertake to decide for them in matters of dress, matters of food, matters of morals and matters of government.

Will Get Ric of Felon.

To cure a felon take common salt, as used for salting pork or beef, dry in the oven, pound fine, mix with equal parts of spirits of turpentine, put in a cloth and wrap around the affected part. As it gets dry put on more. Twenty-four hours of this treatment will kill the felon.

Example.

Professor—Mr. Jones, will you kindly give me an example of reproductive art?

Jones—A hair restorer.—Judge.

Added Injury.

He—This steak is burnt.

She—That's right—roast it!

"Sudden Willy."

A late professor was wont to relate a rather characteristic story of the boyhood of the present German emperor.

The professor was conversing with Empress Frederick concerning her son when her majesty remarked demurely respecting her eldest born:

"Main Willy ist so pötschlich." ("My Willy is so sudden.")

Could anything have summed up the kaiser, as a boy and man, better than this colloquial confidence of his imperial mother?

Masterfulness Checked.

"I've a good mind to go and jump into the river," said N. Peck, at the end of a little domestic discussion, as he picked up his hat and started out. "You come back here," said his wife, "if you intend any such trick as that, just march upstairs and put on your old clothes before you start."

Naturally Indignant.

"Did you tell your troubles to a policeman?" "Yes," said the man who had been robbed. "And I tell you that policeman was indignant. The hold-up man hadn't even asked his permission to operate on his beat."

Taking No Chances.

Genial Squire—Many happy returns, William. I was just going to call on you with a little bit of tobacco.

William (aged eighty)—Thank ye kindly, sir, but I've done 'er smokin'. Genial Squire—Why, how's that?

William—Well, I've 'ard that between eighty and ninety's a ticklish part o' a man's life, so I be takin' no chances.—Punch.

FOR WEAKNESS AND LOSS OF APETITE.

The Old Standard Tonic. The most strengthening tonic. GIVES THE LOST APPETITE. TONIC drives out malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50 cents.

Similar.

Bacon—Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch.

Egbert—Well, I know both of them run down easily.

Literary